WHOOPING ONLY PLEASED BRUIN.

It Made Him Hurry-Up, but in Entirely

the Wrong Direction. RESCUED BY A SCHOOL MISTRESS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ROULETTE, PA., June 10 .- One day while I was at the little backwoods tavern at Barley Run, in the big hemlock woods of Northern Pennsylvania, making some inquiry as to how much pluck, endurance and faith a man must have if he stopped a while there and thereabouts with the intention of killing a trout now and then, a big bark peeler, whose name I learned was Gad Loftus, came into the tavern, looking hot and sheepish. He sat down, breathing hard, and mopping his face, on which the perspiration protruded like the knobs on a

crook-necked squash. Every one in the house looked surprised, but not a word was said for some time, and then Gad Loftus broke the silence with the emphatic but rather ambiguous exclamation: "Durn my fool gizzard!"

That loosened landlord Joel Jebb's tongue, and he said: "Well, Gad, what's been workin' you up so amazin'? Been scein'

Gad gave his face another mon, and turning to the landlord, said: "Joel, did you ever try to hurry up a bear?"

Burrying Bears Is a New Thing. "Never tried to hurry 'em up, no," replied Joel, "but I've tried to slow 'em up, an' I've done it, too. Yes, an' I've stopped 'em square in their tracks, more than I kin

"Then I wish you'd been along with m awhile ago an' either slowed up or stopped a bear that was a hurryin' 'em up," exclaimed Gad. "Was you fetched in by a bear?" asked

Joel, grinning.
"I was fetched in by a bear, by Jinks," exclaimed Gad, "an' it I'd only been took in by a bear and chawed fine I'd be feelin' a good deal better. It all come around jist on account o' my thinkin' to myself this

afternoon that I'd cut over to Simmon's slashin' an' see if he'd got any o' that cider o' his 'n left. I had some of it last week, an' I don't know when anything sot so comf'table by me as that did. My con-science never pricked me none fer takin' a science never priesed me none fer takin' a little cider, providin' the cider was good, an' this o' Simmons' bein' uncommon good, I thought I'd go over to his slashin' an' see if he had any more of it left. So, 'bout an hour ago I started for the slashin'. I got up into Ganzer's Holler, a mile in from the read was greated the

mile in from the road, and was crossin' the 20 f oot ahead o' me, nosin' 'round in an old log, huntin for grubs. The bear kind o' s'prised me, for I hadn't see no bear around these parts for two year and better, except that tame bear of Sally Giles', the one she riz from a cub, an keeps tied to a pole up the road yonder by her school

Thought He Would Seare Bruin.

"So, when I see this one in the woods I was s'prised, an' wished I had a gun so as I could gather him in. But I didn't have no gun, an' not wantin' to go around the bear out o' my way, I thought I'd skeer him, and hurry him up out o' there. The bear hadn't seen or heerd me, an' so I let go one o' the unearthliest whoops I could muster up, expectin' to see the bear jump and take

up, expectin' to see the bear jump and take to his heels, half skeerd to death.
"Well, Joel, the bear did jump. He jumped fust rate, but he didn't take to his heels with that powerful degree of skeertness that I'd calkilated on. He didn't take to his heels at all, by Jinks! He took to his toes an' p'inted 'em straight fer me! He didn't look as if he was pleased at bein' give such a start while he was huntin' fer feed, an' acted as it he was goin' to find out

what I meant by such goin's on.
"I backed away a little lively, an' the
bear, scein' that I looked kind o' sorry for raisin' such a rumpus, an' wasn't goin' to hurt him, stopped and looked at me a spell, an' then turned and was walkin' away. An' now I come to the p'int when I say, 'Durn my fool gizzard!' I got it into my head somehow that the bear was skeert, an' I thought I'd give him another skeer to hurry

glish papers as much as possible. "Why?" him up some more, an' what did I do but whoop ag'in, not only wunst but twicet.

The Wrong Party Got Scared. "There was either somethin' aggravatin' to the hear about that whoon o' mine or come fer me ag'in. Then, seein' that I was a little out o' my reckonin' about skeerin' the bear. I thought it was time for me to git skeered myself, an' I did.
I felt that somethin' had to take to its heels, an' if the bear wouldn't I would, an' so I done that too. I skited out o' the holler, an' the bear follored me. The bear kep' on follerin' me, an' he follered me so fur and so business-like that when I come along to a nice chestnut saplin' that was easy to settled snug up in the tree when the bear come prancin' up to the foot of it, an' went to nosin' an' scratchin' around it, an' look-in' up at me as if he had halt a noshun to shake me out. While the bear was a mean-derin' around at the foot of the tree I couldn't help but think something like this: 'A good many folks says that a bear won't chase a man further than enough to drive him away from foolin' round where it is! A bear won't hey? Well, I wish that one of them folks that thinks that way was me,

just now, an' I was him!'
"While I was thinkin' like that an' other things, an' watchin' the bear, the bear seemed to git tired of nosin' around there, an begun to walk away, awful slow, though, an' stoppin' every few pages an' lookin'

an' stoppin' every frw paces an' lookin' back as if he was half a mind not to go,

pine tree.

Month, Began Life as a Mechanic.

John Hyslop, Who Died in England Last The appended lines from the poem, "The

THE POSTMAN POET.

King Has Called Me," were written by John Hyslop, the "Postman Poet," just beore his death at Kilmarnock, in England. Hyslop was a self-educated man, beginning life as a mechanic, but in consequence of his weak health was compelled to seek another occupation, and was appointed a rural messenger in connection with the Kilmarnock postoffice. Some ten years ago he published a volume of poems. In a letter to the Kilmarnock Standard, just before his death, he said: "I feel this will be the last contribution you will ever have from John Hyslop."

The King has called me to his side to-night, Bring me white gar ments—raiment pure as snow, For all things must be clean within, with-When I into His Presence-Chamber go To praise His name who now has stoop'd so low.

hear the music in the upper rooms, My soul like pent bird panteth to be free; When that has passed beyond life's prison bars, Then burn or bury, do what pleaseth thee With the worn cage that is no longer Me, For I shall neither know, nor hear, nor see. Sometimes, perchance, amid the furrying with friends in shady nook or wooded

You'll say: He coined his soul's best thoughts in words, And sent them rushing through his ready pen songs of hope to cheer his fellow men." If any songs of all the songs I've sung Make any music where life's discord mars God's harmonies, and through the souls of

Goes echoing on to heat some hidden scars. Then I shall hear it from beyond the stars!

METHUEN AWNINGS—Sage green, warranted not to run, at Mamaux & Son's, 539 Penn ave-nue. Tel. 1972. wsu

TOTHE POLE

AN IMAGINATIVE ROMANCE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY HERBERT D. WARD.

CHAPTER XIL

JACK HARDY'S APOTHEOSIS. It was the thirty-third day since the two explorers had departed to the unknown North. To say that to the party left upon the disabled airship these were 33 anxious days, is to say very little about it. Where were the Sergeant and the tutor? Had they schieved their end? What was their fate? How near home were they now? That word 'home" was used with stint. It stuck in the throats of the explorers.

As the days passed into weeks the awful uspicion grew upon them that this airship, if it refused to move, would probably be their tomb. They began to economize provisions. This decision of the professor, who had taken charge in the absence of the Sergeant, was made upon the twentieth day, and brought down the house with gloom.

But what had the inventor been doing in the meanwhile? Alternating between wild hope and bursting with despair. Three times had the delicate and ponderous nachinery been taken apart and refitted. Jack and Royal worked like horses to help him. These two were true to their promise. Now they began to understand the meaning of their commander's instructions. To be killed in the front of battle is not so hard a fate as to be picked off by stray bullets while waiting in the rear the order for advance. It required all the cheerfulness and invention of the boys to keep up the inventor's courage and their own. don't see where our 'corner lots' are coming don't see where our corner lots are coming in," Jack Hardy would suggest airily. "And how am I going to survey for that summer hotel?" But jokes and conundrums gave out in time. By the twentieth

a dead wire somewhere, or some blamed screw loose. Let her go again!" For the hundredth time the inventor ex-

pattery, in itself a new invention, seemed

"She must come around all right," urged the inventor piteously. "Every part is perfect. The power is plenty. She'll wake up and be herself again." Then he went to he lever, and his will, acting through it,

began to think. "Forty-eight hours more and they are due back," he ejaculated. "Roval is beginning to have the sulks. There are no white bears to be shot. I'm in prime order. "Tisn't so bad as it was one summer on the plains. I'll bet a cent the professor has passed some little fool thing by. I'll have to go for them," he mused, thinking of the rescue he

room, squeezed the protesting inventor to one side, and dabbled with nuts and attachents and wires and screws, as if he knew ll about it.

"If I don't strike 12," he answered, "at least I can't make her more contrary than The professor grumbled, but repaired the

mage with sarcastic precision after every visit.

Arctic region count time from the day of a departure or disaster. Fifty times during the day before Royal and Jack had climbed the top of an elevation at a distance of few hundred feet, and peered with a tele-scope toward the malign North. Then they would come back to the inventor with sad aces and in silence.
On the thirty-third day the suspense be-

and be downed by your own machine!" he cried. "I'm tired of you; and as for you," turning toward Royal and puffing a pipeful n that gentleman's surprised face, "that's he third time you've turned up a Jack run-ing. I never could trust a man who turned

up the Jack that way."

Both men, insulted to the quick, turned ipon him, each in his own way. The pro-essor, too thin and worn to fight, folded his

"You lie!" Jack Hardy, bereft of his senses, as they all were by their terrible situation, started up with the pack of cards in his hands and faced his companions. Men who have been mprisoned for weeks in the same narrow place have learned to loath the companions they once loved. They detest everything— even themselves. This is next to the last stage of that terrible discose-ennui. It is but a step to murder or suicide. It is a distinct form of insanity.

Jack glared at the two. He had already

door of the engine room. Like leaves they skimmed about. They struck here and there, covering vital parts of the strange nachmery. But, even as they struck their unintended

mark, there was a low, whizzing sound. It increased in volume. The stubborn elec-trical engine, silent for a month and a week, was awakened. Kissed at some un week, was awakened. Alseed at some un-known spot by a chance card, it had started from its lethargy. The life-blood was once more in its nostrils. The princess of all electrical machinery was vitalized—and by a two-spot!

Delight made the foemen brothers again. With a bound the Professor opened the current wider. The horizontal, litting wheels, long kept so carefully from ice or snow revolved swiftly. The Aeropole groaned. It racked and creaked. The three men shouted simultaneously: "An axe!"

airship arose and looked upon the place of her imprisonment with disdain.

The Professor watched her power and her motion with acute pain of the heart. It was

neck until he was well nigh in the last stages of suffocation.
At an elevation or 500 feet the ship started

"But where?" cried Royal.
"To the Pole, you donkey!" yelled Jack
Hardy. This epithet was pardoned him. Slowly the great ship forged ahead.
"Is it safe to stop again?" asked Royal.
"Why?" aparagraph Pro-

"Why?" answered Prof. Wilder.
"To take them in." "We won't have to. I can hold her within 20 feet of the ground. They can shin up the rope ladder."

"But suppose they can't!" interjected
Jack Hardy. He was examining every
square inch of space with the telescope.
"They'll wave just enough. You can see them easy enough," grunted Royal,
But Jack soberly replied, "Perhaps
not." He did not relax his eyes from the powerful glass.

The ice-scape is a horrible thing at the extreme North. It is the congealed desert

of the world. It is what the moon must be; a nightmare of unbearable desolation, a maddening succession of freezing monoto ies. The most experienced explorer may lose his bearings and himself among these floes and chasms and caves of ice, of like form and hostility. It was not an easy thing for the Aeropole, under the guidance of three astronomical ignoramuses to get to the Pole, or even to blunder in the right

The Professor had a vague idea of where he ought to go, and the other two were too delighted at being once more affoat in the air to realize that they were doing the most isastrous thing they could for the interest of their absent comrades. Their orders and their common sense

should have kept them at what might be called their moorings. Thence they should have sent a party of rescue; or there they should have waited until the Sergeant had turned up. How could they hope to find two men in such a vast area of glittering

The Professor, radiant at the recovery of his handiwork, sat in his room regulating the speed of his ship, and following the di-rections of his two advisers. Whenever Royal saw a sin ularly deep shadow, he said: "Let her go a little to the left! So!" Or, "Now hold her slow, but keep her on the wing!"

for two hours they zigzagged northward.
"Try her out that way," said Royal,
pointing with his finger toward a ravine at
the right, several miles ahead, "perhaps that's easier going; and they struck back that way."

The steady machinery carried them on with without apparent weariness; nervously the three men looked for the waifs.

At that moment the Sergeant mad with

thirst, dying with hunger, numb with cold, beaten by the fates he had evoked, turned his uncovered, sightless eves to heaven, as it searching for the electric airship, or perhaps for the spirit of his old companion.

His eyes, by years of exposure to the glare of northern ice, were naturally weak, and had been protected by colored glasses. In the lurch of a desperate leap the spec-tacles had fallen into a deep crevasse and had been lost. Sun-blindness smote him in three days. He could not see. He hardly dared to feel his way. If he could only have died in a fair struggle! But to be conquered so tamely was more than his spirit could bear. With unerring instinct,

tinued his sightless march for 48 hours. But how could be find the cache where his reserve food and spirits were hidden? He soon ate the little which he carried, ate the alcohol as DeLong did, and then are his coat. The matches had been exhausted long ago. The instruments and the tin case containing the invaluable records and observations had been scattered by the way. He was too weak to earry them. In the Arctic regions death marches are trailed by useless valuables. An ounce of pemmican, a gill of lime water are worth a mountain of dia-monds. He had reserved the ill-fated tu-tor's watch, and a paper on which he had written with a blind hand the hideous details of his disaster in a laconic, heroic

Now, once more, he stood up to his full height. This exertion took the remnant of his strength. With a low most he tried to open his swollen lids with his hand, so that perchance he might see. It was a vain at-tempt. He fell back, and as he touched the ice, its cold smote him to the heart.
With one hand thrown over his head, as if

warding off this retributive blow from the siren of the North, the memory of past misries fled from the heart of the hero, and in heir place sweet faces and the sound of leasant instruments lured him to rest.

. [To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

TWO COSTLY CURIOSITIES.

Both Are Cherry Seeds, but One of Them Brought \$25,000. Chicago Herald, 1

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are 12 tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. The name of the artist who constructed this little wonder has been lost, but the actual existence of the thing itself will not be questioned by any one from the old witch headquarters of the Bay State.
Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England

during the early part of the eighteenth century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship. The stone was one from a common cherry and upon it were carved the heads of 12st popes, kings, queens, emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced on the authority of Prof. Oliver, that with a good glass the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of the queen and saints by their mitres and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder England purchased it in Prussia, allowthe original owner £5,000 for his treasure. Think of it, \$25,000 for a cherry seed!

A New Atlantic Cable to Be Laid. oston Globe. 7

A new cable is to be laid across the Atlantic between Africa and South America. This is a hopeful indication that these two backward continents are coming forward in the march of civilization. During the next century it is probable that both Africa and South America will be threaded with rail-roads and sown with cities, and that new, modern and distinct civilizations will grow up in both continents. No continent can long remain "dark" that comes in contact with an ocean cable.

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THE WA CHAGA FOLKS Interesting Savages Found by

ONE SULTAN LOVES TOYS,

Dr. W. L. Abbott on Kili-

ma-Niaro Volcano.

Another Has Long Tunnels in the Mountain for Protection.

TWICE AS MANY WOMEN AS MEN.

A Face Characteristic Is a Passion for Stealing Chickens.

AFRICA'S SITE FOR A BIG SANITARIUM

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The most curious people in Africa, who dwell on the slopes of the wonderful mountain called Killma-Njaro, furnish the subject of an interesting monograph about to be issued by the Smithsonian Institution. This remarkable volcano is situated 175 miles from the east coast and just south of the Equator, capped with eternal snows and glaciers. For centuries its existence was only known through reports obtained from

the natives, and not until 1849 was it seen

by a white man-the missionary Krapf. The country between it and the nearest seaport, Mombasa, which is the headquarters of the British East African Company, is a desert. Kimawenzi, the former containing a crater 6,006 feet across and 600 feet deep, and the latter being a black dome of rotten lava. A ridge 15,000 feet high joins the two peaks. the higher of which attains an altitude of 20,000 feet. The peaks are eight miles neart. Many explorers have tried in vain o reach the summits, but success in this attempt was reserved for Dr. W. L. Abbott, the writer quoted, who climbed with a companion to the lottiest points, although they pearly lost their lives many times, owing to

the rotten ice on Kibo, in which they sank frequently to their armpits, and to the precipiees of crumbling lava on Kimawenzi, from which great masses fell in avalanches

at the slightest touch. Through Every Range of Climate, They ascended from the tropical climate of the surrounding plain through a series of cones, each having its own flora and fauna until the Arctic line of snow was reached at the height of 18,000 feet. The strip populated by buman beings was well defined, extending along the slopes of the monutain for 60 miles, from 3,000 to 5,400 feet above sea level. On every hand were the extinct craters of smaller volcanoes, one of them forming a lake called Chala, two miles wide, the lava walls of which rose perpendicularly 200 feet from the water's edge. This sheet of water was inhabited by numerous crocodiles and certain extraordinary species of fishes. The forests from 9,000 to 10,000 feet had a most mrious appearance, the trunks and branches serns and mosses. Same of the larger trees were regular botanical gardens, crowded with parasitic plants of amazing variety.

The populated strip along the side of this oleanic elevation is from two to five miles de and is occupied by 60,000 natives. It is divided into no less than 30 states, each governed by a more or less independent ultan, who is separated from his neighbors by a patch of wilderness or a deep gorge. The biggest state has 10,000 inhabitants, while those least in size have only from 100 to 300 he Wa Chara. At the north end of the 60mile zone is the nation of Useri, with a population of 6,000, governed by Malimia, sultan who is shy of strangers because h fears they may be witch him. Most amiable of these petty mouarche is Miliari, ruler of Marsng, who has 600 warriors and is a great friend of Europeans. West of Ma-

rang is Kilemma, whose King, Fumba, has made himselt so notorious by his begging habits that foreigners avoid taxing his hos-A Sultan Who Loves Toys. By far the most enlightened of these feudal potentates, however, is Mandara,

King of Moshi, who has sent ambassadors to the Emperor of Germany. He has made a business of accumulating European curi-osities of every imaginable sort—toy steam engines, clocks, guns of many patterns, stereoscopes, sewing machines, books, etc. He keeps these treasures stored away. bringing them out oce sionally for his own empsement or to exhibit before the envious

eves of visiting chiefs.

Most powerful of all the sultans is Cena, ruler of Kibosho, who holds his own against all the other chiefs allied against him. He constructed beneath his stockade a re markable system of underground passages. by means of which his wives and cattle could at any time escape from a foe, emerging far away through secret tunnels.

The men of the Wa Chaga are not well

made physically, but the women are very erect, owing to the habit of carrying loads on their heads. Many of the young girls are pretty, and some of the ladies of Maniara's harem would be beauties in any country. The wives are obliged to was hemselves daily, and soap is in great demand. Every man has as many wives as he can get, so that there are no old maids. The women outnumber the men in a ratio of five to three, partly owing to loss of life in wars. Wives are purchased for sheep and goats, and more rarely for cows. At a wed-ding the bride is decked with all the beads she can berrow for the occasion in the shape of girdles, necklaces, etc., and is plenti-fully smeared with red ochre. When about to make an addition to the family the

A Wenkness for Chicken Stealing. The sultans have absolute power over the lives and property of their subjects, though they are controlled by many customs. They claim ownership to all cattle within their domains and a monopoly of the ivery trade.
Wars are common, their purpose being usually to obtain cattle or slaves. The lat-

oman wears a noisy iron rattle on her

ter are sold to traders from the coast, who are always waiting around the courts of the chiefs, to pick up such merchandise. The Wa Chaga are incorrigible thieves, being particularly given to chicken stealing. Dr. Abbott found a convenient protection against their depredations in the reputation he acquired as a sorcerer. His fame in this respect was completely established by a apring-gun in his store room, which went off and shot one of the guards placed in charge of the provisions.

For the dress of both sexes white sheet-

ing and bright calicoes, brought by the coast traders, are the favorite materials. Little girls wear nothing worth mentioning besides a bead girdle with a small patch o eloth hung in front. All the women adorn themselves with as many girdles and neckinees of beads as they can obbracelets that weigh several each, as well as or armiets and ets of copper or iron wire. The dress of feathers around the face, a large cape of vulture feathers, anklets of black monkey skin, and a bit of red cloth around the loius, all of which make up an attire that is both striking and picturesque. For battle a spear with a long and beautiful blade of

beraldic pattern of the owner's tribe. Their Houses Are Like Beehives. There are no villages, each family living

by itself in one or more huts with a granary and shed, surrounded by a banana planta-tion. Each wife has a but to herself. The rdinary house is 12 feet high, shaped like a beehive and built of grass over a trame-work of sticks. The interior of the hut ordinarily accommodates, beside the family, one or more cows, several sheep and goats and a flock of fowls. A fire is kept continually burning, and the smoke, heat and stench are frightful.

The Wa Chaga are the best of agricul-turists. Their neat little fields of grain are hedged and well weeded and watered, irrigation canals being brought down thousands of feet from the higher levels of the mountain, through primeval forests, and over gullies by artfully-con-structed aqueducts. Domestic utensils are made largely from gourds, but plates and dishes are hollowed out from solid blocks of wood, as are also the beer tubs and bee-hives; the latter, shaped like elongated barrels, hanging everywhere from the branches of trees. Milk and butter are plenty, but have an unpleasant taste, caused by the universal custom of washing out the vessels with another fluid derived from the same animals. Great quantities of beer, called "pombe," are made from a kind of sorghum. It is consumed with especial freedom by the chiefs, who are hall drunk

The religion of these people is fetichism pure and simple. They believe all sickness and misfortune to be due to witcheraft. Scattered through the cultivated regions are very small groves of large trees, carefully preserved from injury. These are supposed to be the abodes of spirits. Whenever there is a thunderstorm the spirits are said to be passing from one grove to an-

They Gave Medicine to Locusts. A year ago vast clouds of locusts passed over the country, but few alighted and no damage was done. The Wa Chaga ascribe their immunity from injury to their having caught several of the insects and given them medicine, letting them go thereupon

to tell the news of their ill-treatment to others of their kind. Kilima-Njaro is the territory claimed by Germany, but it would be a great surprise to the dusky Sultans to know that they were subjects of Emperor William, and considerable persuasion by force of arms would be necessary to convince them of the fact. For a small present any one can hoist any flag he pleases within their dominions. Mandara has allowed visitors from several of six revolving brushes placed upon Mandara has allowed visitors from several different times, pulling them down subsequently and giving the attractive pieces of ounting to his wives to wear for petticoals. For a white man who is fond of hunting and does not care for civilized society, Chaga is a first-rate place to live in-enough to eat, equable and temperate climate, glo rious sport within easy reach and friendly natives. Nowhere in Africa is a white man so sought after. The chiefs are almost ready to fight one another for the possession of a Caucasian stranger, partly because he

reason that his caravan gives a market to the people for their food and other products. Another reason why the white msn is held in such high estimation is that no traders, such as have given Europeans such a bad name in other parts of the Dark Continent, have as yet penetrated to that region.

It is predicted that Kilima-Njaro will some day be a great sanitarium. Already a

railway, destined to open up the interior, is projected. RENE BACHE. THE APPLE TREE OF APPOMATION.

Lee Did Not Hand Over His Sword Under It, but It's a Nice Story, Anyhow, The writer being anxious to discover the truth concerning the traditionary apple tree of Appomattox was escorted by a Mr. Hix, who was the owner of the field in which the apple tree was said to have stood, writes E. J. Edwards. Mr. Hix led the writer through the orchard to a place where there was a considerable hollow in

the ground and then he told this story. "It is too bad, perhaps, to spoil this tradition, but it is purely a myth. General Lee came up with his army and encamped on that ridge you see yonder. Lee had hoped to get around by another road so as to get into Lynchburg, which is practically an racy. It can't be "film-fiammed" and will impregnable town, but he found that this could not be done. Sheridan had cut off flam" its customers; his retreat by all the roads. General Lee had also received letters from General Grant had also received letters from General Grant suggesting the hopelessness of further hostilities, and when he saw Sheridan's army beyond him he realized the truth of that suggestion. I saw him ride down with his staff until they came nearly to the brink of the Appomattox creek. They halted right here, alongside of the orchard. Then they dismounted and went into the orchard, and approachly under a rough seat for General somebody made a rough seat for General Lee out of tence rails. He was sitting under

an apple tree, that one there, near the bank. He seemed to be in consultation with his officers.
"At last one of the officers started out from the group with a white cloth tied to a stick, as it seemed to me. By and by there came from the Union army a group of officers, who met General Lee and his staff in the field, just this side of the creek. I was told afterward that they had come to arrange with him for the meeting with General Grant in the afternoon. General Lee then returned to the orchard and sat for a while under the apple tree. Then he

and his staff mounted their horses and rode back to the army. "After the surrender was announced in the afternoon somebody started the story— I never could find out who—that Grant had met Lee in the orchard and that the surrender, under an apple tree, had been made That evening I saw scores and scores of Union soldiers in the orchard. In some way they had selected a particular tree, and before morning there was not even a fibre of its roots left. In getting the relies they had dug out this hole which you see here, and I have always left it just as they did on that night. I suspect that the story originated from the fact that the flag of truce was sent out while General Lee was sitting

under that other apple tree nearer the

BUSINESS REPORE SERVICES. The Abrupt Ending of a Burial at Sea Fron

a Dundee Whaler. At the time when the Dundee whaling trade was at its zenith, a sperm whaler from that port, in the Pacific, had the misfortune to lose the black cook, says Pearson's

Weekly. Now, while this important functionary av on the plank in the gangway, shrouded in his canvas cover, sewed up by the sailmaker ready for burial, and all the ship's company were mustered round the rude skipper had an eye to business), the captain engaged with all due gravity reading the burial service, the ship's bell solemnly tolling, and all the air filled with the solemnity of the moment, a lookout man suddenly discovering the snout of a whale, sang out lustily, "T-h-e-r-e she blows." Before the lookout had time to repeat the ever-welcome words, the now excited skipper dropped his book, seized his glass, and, jumping into the rigging, bounded aloft at a 15-knot rate. Itis glass soon proved the truth of the lookout's ery, and

om his lofty perch the skipper bellowed out as a sailor only can—
"Knock off tolling the bell! Clear away the boats! Heave that nigger overboard! And they hove him!

Novel Method for Calming the Sea New York Sun. 1 A novel method for calming the sea has been submitted to the French Salvage Society by Baron d'Alessandro. He covers the surface of the water with specially prepared insubmergable thin netting, which acts like a bed of oil in calming the waves. At the breakwater of the Quiberon Peninsteel is carried, together with a huge oval sular in Brittany a netting of a thousand square yards was used, and the results were so satisfactory that a special commission has been appointed by the French Minister

of Marine to investigate and report.

Are Threatened With a Loss of Occupation From Machinery.

AN AUTOMATIC PAPER SELLER

And a Bootblacking Contrivance on the Coin-in-the-Slot Plan.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The invention Juggernaut grinds rapidly and it grinds exceeding small. The next victims to fall under Its remorseless wheels will be the newsboys and the bootblacks The newsboy of the future is to be silent and the bootblack will be noiseless. Instead of the strident cries of

"Shine !" and "All The Newsboy's Nemeria. Tenement Row !" we

have only the hard, metallic soulless rattle of coins dropping into slots. The inventor of the automatic bootblack has just applied for a patent, and to the genius who evolved the silent newsboy a patent has just been granted. The bootblack man is Samuel A. Russell and he lives in Birmingham, Conn. Mr. Russell says his idea was suggested to him by a local shoe dealer, who told him that such a machine was needed and expressed a wonder why some shrewd Yankee had not brought

one out long ago. So Mr. Russell, being a Yankee, and withal a shrewd one, set his mind to working," to use his own ac-count, and "in less time than it takes to write it," he says, "I had my present machine invented." a self-adjusting lever, the brushes

being concave so as The Silen Newsboy.
to conform to the shape of the feet. The set ject places has feet in position, drops his nickel in the slot and the whole operation is over by the time he has read four para-

graphs in his morning paper.

The automatic newsvender has been attempted at various times, but never with satisfaction. The difficulty of operating it arose from the great want of uniformity among papers in size and shape. A machine might work all right for the Morning is a source of presents and partly for the Bugle, but utterly refuse to handle the Penny Evening hocker, or it might de-liver an ordinary daily edition regularly and go on an obstinate strike when it came ate strike when it cam to distributing the big Sunday numbers. But a Seattle gentle

man has in operation a machine which he maintains overcome all objections. It has a compartment for each paper on sale, and opposite to each compartment is a slot for e coin. It delivers the goods into the pur chaser's hand withou any double motion

He is not required to put a coin in the slot and then pull a lever are proposed in the slot opposite the paper he wants and takes a paper which shoots half way out of the slot at a convenient height from the bottom of the case. It is absolutely honest. It never fails to deliver the goods as long as it has any and as soon as any compartment is empty the slot closes so tight that it is impossible to force a coin into it, and a sign gives notice that the box

It also makes change with unerring accusquare dealing is its motto. If a customer wants a nickel newspaper and wants change for a quarter dollar he drops his coin in the slot and

and out comes the paper with the An Automatic Shine change upon it. The muchine can be adjusted to sell art eles at any price. It will sell a 1-cent paper in the evening and a 5-cent paper ten times the bulk the next morning. It will sell a 1cent paper from one box, a 5-cent paper from another and a 25-cent magazine from another. Thus different articles can be put on sale through it on different days or at different times of days. It will sell books, photograps, steel pens, stationery in packages, catalogues, guide books, accident policies. It can be made as easily to sell a dozen different newspapers or other articles

as to sell one, two or three. In short, it can be converted into a general automatic store.

By the way, it is not generally known that a mechanical newspaper vender is the subject of a good deal of discussion among a coterie of club men in Pittsburg. They claim they have a machine that is an im

provement, even, on that of the Seattle man

A PRICELESS LETTER. How Alfred Morrison Was Forced to Pay a Thousand Guineas for a Few Lines From Marie Stuart-A Threat Brough

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Perhaps the largest and most valuable private collection of autograph letters and manuscripts in the United Kingdom is that It Consists of All the Authentic Phot which has been made by Mr. Altred Morrison, a gentleman of unlimited wealth. The most valuable article in this superb collec-

tion is a letter written by Marie Stuart. On the morning of her execution the unfortunate Queen of Scots wrote three letters the New Orleans Picayuna. It consists of one to His Holiness the Pope, another to the King of France, and a third to the Archbishop of Guise. The letter to the Pope is still preserved among the treasures of the Vatican, the letter to the Archbishop was for hundreds of years sequestered in a monastery at Guise, but the letter written

to the French king was destroyed among other family papers of that monarch. One day not many years ago it was discovered by the monks of Guise that the letter which had so long been treasured among their relics was missing; it was evident that burglar had been at work among the archives, but no clue to the culprit could be obtained. The loss created quite as much of a sensation as the robbery of a saintly relic might have created, but there seemed to be no way of recovering the treasure or of reaching the offender.

A Villain Who Knew Its Worth, In time there appeared in Loudon a man who exhibited this identical letter-the letter written a few hours before her death by Marie Stuart to the Archbishop of Guise. How the letter came into the possession of this fellow can only be surmised; there are some who say it was stolen; others, less charitable, assert that the monks, wishing to realize money on the relic, used him simply as a tool for the disposal of the letter. Be this as it may, it was clear that the ruffian knew the full value of the treasure, and was determined to realize it in eash. So he sought out Mr. Altred Morri-son and exhibited the precious letter. Of course Morrison was wild with delight;

never before had there been presented so notable an opportunity to possess himself of a priceless unique. Morrison recognised

the worth of the treasure, yet be recognized at the same time the propriety of dissimula-tion. Therefore, feigning as best he could a certain indifference, he asked: "And how NEWSIES AND SHINES much do you wish me to pay you for this?"

The man was fully prepared for that issue. "One thousand guineas," said he.

The price startled, nay, paralyzed Mr.

Morrison, millionaire though he was.
"A thousand guineas!" roared he. "You "A thousand guineas!" roared he. "10u are extortionate in your demand."

'No, I am not," answered the ruffian, ecolly. "I know what the letter's worth, and I shall not take a penny less for it."

For a moment Mr. Morrison was tempted to clinch the bargain. "But no;" thought he; "if I pay such a price for a single item. I shall simply render myself liable to extortionate prices all the rest of my life."

A Prize Worth Striving For. "Take it away," said Morrison to the other, "I'll not pay you any such sum of money for it."

So the man went his way, taking the precious document with him.

Then regret played upon Morrison. He might at least have parleyed with the fellow—perhaps argument, dispassionate argument, or good-natured cajolery might have induced him to part with the treasure at a more reasonable price. What if some rival collector should secure the prize? What if by some means or other the letter should be destroyed? These and a thousand about the murder in other fancies made Mr. Morrison's life a burden for many days and nights.

It was perhaps a fortnight later that a woman entered Mr. Morrison's library; she was wan and ill-clad. "My husband is in a cab outside," said e. "He has that Marie Stuart letter, and unless you pay him 1,000 guineas for it be will tear it up. He is a reckless man, and I warn you that he will execute his determination."

This announcement threw Morrison into a fever of excitement; he did not stop to think—his mind was filled with apprehen-sion lest that priceless relic should be destroyed. Every enthusiastic collector will understand what his emotions must have been at that moment; it was his duty to save the prize at any cost—it was now or never. Trembling and white with excite-ment, his heart actually in his throat, he seized his checkbook, wrote out a check, rushed into the street and confronted the man in the cab

The Vender Was the Sharper. "Here's your money; give me the letter," "It's well you came. I was about to tear

"It's well you came. I was about to tear it up," said the man grimly.

But back in his library with the Marie Stuart letter in his hands, Mr. Morrison began to take another aspect of the affair.

"Is it reasonable to suppose," he asked himself, "that this squalid wretch, knowing the value of this prize, would have destroyed what he knew would make him comparatively rich? Of course not, he has played upon me; he read me better than I played upon me; he read me better than I knew myself; by a most commonplace artifice he has so excited my emotions that I have paid an extortionate sum for what I loubtless would, in time, have secured for half the money.

With these poignant reflections Morrison reproached himself, yet it is a question whether he would to-day part with the Marie Stuart letter at any price. The other day Mr. S. J. Dewey, the leading autograph dealer in London, was asked what the letter was worth, and his answer was: "Its value cannot be determined; it is one of the treasures that to collectors are simply priceless.
HENRI ROLLIN PARKER.

CARE OF THE BARS.

Rules That Would Pay Well to Reed 1 Hearing Is to Be Retained.

Youth's Companion. 1 Much misdirected energy is expended by careful people in the effort to keep clean the innocent orifice of the organ of hearing. Serious injury often results to the deli-cate mucous membrane lining the caual of the ears from the pushing of wash-cloths, sponges and the like inside the delicate canal. Nothing should ever be pushed in-side the canals of the ears. The cerumen, or wax, which is normally found there should not be removed until it can be washed away with ordinary washing; this should not include a doubling or twisting of the end of a wash-cloth for the purpose

of pushing it inside the auditory canal.

It is common enough to find those who use pins, hairpins and other hard bodies to remove the normal secretion of the ear from the canal. A physician is the only one who should put into the enranything so hard as possibly to injure its delicate structure. If there is anything abnormal about the quantity or quality of the natural secretion, a physician should be consulted and his advice followed.

No one should attempt himself to treat

any supposed or real case of impacted or hardened cerumen. Efforts in this direction have been extremely harmful to the tympanum and delicate bones of the ears. Such attempts have also brought on the dreaded condition—which was before only a supposed one-by massing the cerumen at a parrowed point of the canal. The upper layer of epithelium of the membrane of the canal has the wonderful property of moving outward toward the opening of the ear, while still continuing

part of the membrane. Thus a scab may be

seen at one time quite near the drum of the ear, and atterward be found considerably nearer the orifice. In this way the pro-tective wax is pushed gently outward without further assistance.

It is a common fellacy to suppose that any dullness of hearing is beyond the help of the physician, and that, consequently, nothing can be done for it. Slight duliness of hearing is often occasioned by a catarrhal condition of the throat which dull ness gets better or worse as the condition of the membrane of the throat changes. The great majority of cases of deafness, it can be

safely said, are not beyond improvement, or at least a checking of the degenerative A discharging, or "running," ear should

always have treatment at once AN INTERESTING COLLECTION.

graphs Extant of Washington. Mr. J. F. Sachse, of Philadelphia, has most interesting collection of pietures of Washington, which he recently exhibited to the Photographic Society, says a writer in photographs of all the authentic portraits extant of the Father of His Country, arranged in chronological order, from Peale's

in 1798. The most interesting of all was a picture of the mask taken of Washington's face by Houdon. The sculptor came to this country for the purpose of modeling a statue of Washington, which was to be placed in the Capitol of Virginia. He spent two weeks at Mount Vernon making measure-ments of Washington's person, and subsequently made a mask of the face plaster. It was from this mask that the ace of the now celebrated bust was fashoned. The original life mask was loaned after Washington's death to Struthers, a Philadelphia marble mason, who made a plaster east of it. This cast was presented to the Historical Society of Philadelphia.

A Curious Fact About Numbers A friend of THE DISPATCH, who signs imself "G. A.," sends this curious information about numbers: Take the numbers in their order and add them together. thus: One and 2 are 3, and 3 are 6, and 4 are 10, and 5 are 15, etc. A curious fact in that every sum thus obtained is divisible by the odd number just added, or are just about to add; and that none of the sums are divisible by the even numbers just added or just about to be added.

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first study of Mt. Vernon, in 1772, to that, and the last, of St. Memin in Philadelphia

"That idee seemed to give me my secon wind, an' I shied off to my right to strike the road above Sally's schoolhouse. When into it, too, he seemed to git it into his head that I'd been playin' tricks on him an'

"'By jinks!' I says, 'I'll run this bear around by Sally Giles' schoolhouse, an' he'll see Sally's tame bear an' stop to visit with him, an' I can git away, sure as guns!' Close on the Homestretch.

house, about 20 rods down the road, an'
Sally jist comin' out.
"'Sally!' I hollered, as loud as the wind

I had left would let me, I'm chased by a bear. Let your tame bear loose to coax him off as we go by! Let your tame bear

loose!"
"By the time I got through hollerin' I was most up to the schoolhouse, an' when I got even with Sally I seen her slump right got even with Sally I seen her slump right down on the doorstep an' squeal an' yell an' howl a laughin'. I looked back. The bear was makin' straight for Sally, an' he laid right down by her an' begun to roll and kick, as if he was most tickled to death, too! Joel, I'd been fetched in by Sally's tame bear, what wouldn't hurt a fly, an' what I hand't heerd was lost; an' if he'd a hear a wild hear an' had ketched me an' been a wild bear an' had ketched me an amote me hip and thigh, I'd feel a powerful sight better than I do now, durn my fool gizzard!" ED Morr.

INTERVIEWED THE EMPEROR.

Young Englishman Accidentally Gets Good Talk Out of Eccentric Wilhelm His Personal Appearance and His Philosophy-Respects to His Critics.

A young Englishman sends the following o the Pall Mall Budget: I was walking the other day in the "Grunewald" at Charlottenburg when it suddenly began to fain. The small pine trees afforded poor shelter, and I had already reconciled myself to getting wet through when I noticed a small shed. I entered and lighted a pipe. Suddenly I heard hasty steps, and a minute later a young man entered in the greenish-gray uniform of the German foresters. He did not seem agreeably surprised at seeing me, but bowed politely, and sat down not far off. Presently he took a pipe, and searched his pockets in vain for a match. I offered him mine, and he, lighting his pipe, said in fluent English without the slightest trace of foreign ac-

"Oh, you are English?"
"And so are you," I replied.
"Oh, no!" He laughed and seemed "Well, it is wonderful how the Germans equire languages!" I exclaimed.
"There is such a difference between our chools and yours." "Yes, there is. You mean to say we don't

"Yes, there is. You mean to say we don't learn anything, and you learn everything. But I prefer our schools, nevertheless."

"May I ask why?"

"Because we educate the character in our public schools and you don't. Two little nephews of mine are in a German school, a 'Gymnasium,' as you call it. Poor little beggars; they are kept like slaves."

"Oh, not quite," he remonstrated.

"Well, it's not far off. The object of the German schools seem to be to keep the boys

ndependent. The young forester kept silence. After a while he said: "There is going to be a change."
"You mean on account of that young man the Emperor?"
"Yes, on account of that young man the Emperor." He put a singular stress on

"Well, he tries to do his best," said I.
"He is a plucky young fellow, and I take
great interest in his doings."
"A good many people do, but they only
do it to criticise him."
"That does not matter. Certainly he has his faults. Some writer says every child is born with two horns, and he must wear them off before he becomes reasonable."
"And has he still his horns?"

"To a certain extent. In spite of that he is a wonderful man. Don't you think so?" "I do not know."

"Just imagine what he has done. When

he came to the throne he was a devoted fol-lower of Bismarck, until he saw that Bismarck was nothing but an old tyrant. And then be sent him home, and tried to introduce reforms-reforms in every branch of public life. He introduced reforms in the chools, in the army, in social legisla-'And therefore they call him unsteady!" "So he is. He wants to do too much all st once. He thinks he knows everything

"Oh, no, he does not think so!"

"At least, people say—"
"I am atraid people say a good deal. I think the Emperor would be glad if they left him alone."

So Jack Hardy crowded into the engine left him alone." "But that is only possible if he resigns."
"Resigns?" asked the young man, as if idea horrified him. "Every statesman is naturally subject to criticism, and he must get used to that, too, I should advise the Emperor to read En-

etter than any one else

"In them he would hear a good deal of untruth about him, but also a good deal of "Quite so. He reads them." "They say he got wild the other day over The young fellow laughed. "You mean say the Emperor can stand things like "It he can't at present, he will by-and-by.

I have no doubt he will turn out a great man—he has energy, and if he only acquires a little modesty he is sure to succeed. That is to say—"

The young man looked at me attentively: '-If his health don't prevent him!" My companion suddenly rose. "Thank rou," he said, "for your kind opinion. people. I am the German Emperor my-self." He took my hand and gave it a hearty shake. "If you happen to speak with your countrymen about me, tell them I like their straightforwardness. "Leben He put his gun on his back and walked When I recovered my astonishment I saw him walking on the road, upright as

"But by an' by he got three or four rods away and went off in the brush. He hadn't

no sooner got out of sight than I slid out o' that tree an' made another break for Simon's slashin' an' the cider—for the disap'intment of that cider had most made me sick. "Joel, the contrariness o' bears is amazin" Seems to me I hadn't gone 40 foot when that bear headed me off ag'in, somehow, an I had to turn tail an' make tracks with the heels to'rds the slashin'! I didn't have time to shin up the tree ag'in, and so I broke for home and trusted to luck. When I got to the creek, a quarter a miled shead, the bear was still follerin' the trail, positive like, but not seemin' overpowerin' anxious. I didn't waste time to cross the creek by the log bridge, which wasn't more than ten foot above me, but sloshed right through, an' the water was more than waist deep right there, at that. But the bear didn't right there, at that. But the bear didn't seem to be in so much of a hurry that he couldn't take time to make a dry crossin' an' he took the bridge. An' so we kep' it up, the bear stickin' right to me, an' me bucklin' my best licks to keep him from stickin' any closeter. There was a good half miled to go yit 'fore I struck the read en'! Legun to have my doubts the road, an' I begun to have my doubts whether my wind would hold out till I got there, when all of a suddent an idee hit me.

struck the road and the bear came out was likely to git away, for he put on more steam an' was gainin' on me at every jump. Jist then I came in sight of the school-

German schools seem to be to keep the boys in dependence, while we try to make them day no man felt funny.
"Once more, old fellow," urged Royal
Sterne for the fiftieth time, "I'll bet there's

> amined his machinery. It was of no use. The Aeropole sullenly refused to budge. Her huge fans disobeyed. The great storage unable to give an impulse to the shy ma-chinery. The Aeropole did not coquet; chinery. The Aeropole did not coquet; it sulked. Its disease was not the breaking of an artery, or the failure of the heart, nor even hysteria. Her organism was perfect; her nerves true to their centers; her limbs able to revolve. It was an authentic case of hypochondria, of nervous unwillingness

was disregarded.
This lasted 30 days. Then Jack Hardy

The thirty-third day arrived. Men in the

ame intolerable, and so did the tempers of the three men in the Aeropole.

Jack Hardy had failed to connect the balky machinery, and his state of mind in particular became unmanageable. "You are a pretty inventor to bring us up here,

arms and advanced sternly upon Haray. He meant to wither him with a look. But Boyal, who had taken boxing lessons in his Technological days, squared up to his triend, flushed and grew pale, and then flatly said:

forgotten that he was the assailant. He was already prepared to consider himself the injured party.
"First you!" he cried. Then with all his might he hurled the pack of cards straight at the face of the inventor. Professor Wilder naturally ducked. The cards hurtled on. They scattered and separated at the

Anger was blotted out in astonishment.

"A pick!" A stroke here, a pry there, a shake, a thud, a desperate leap into the car and a sudden bound—and with a stately pride the

the reaction of joy. But, as for Jack Hardy, he danced about like a man mad, and ended by embracing Royal about the